

## PRISONERS ON THEIR HONOR.

Easy to Get Along With if the Officer Has Their Good Will.

Jaeger Hamey, a moonshiner, walked 20 miles to give himself up to the revenue officers. This is not uncommon in the mountain counties. A number of the deputies who made the raid on the mountain counties of Pike, Letcher, Knott, Magoffin, etc., have little trouble in arresting the men they are after, while other officers have to fight for their lives. It is told of one of the deputy marshals that whenever he wants a man he simply writes a letter to him informing him that an indictment has been returned against him and that he wants him to meet him on a certain day at a neighboring town. Some of the letters read like this: "I also have warrants for several of the other boys (naming them), and I wish you would see them and tell them that I will be in on — and for them to be there." It is said that many of the men make their appearance at the place and time designated. Several deputy marshals who go to the top of the Cumberland for prisoners occasionally let the men "tend their crops" while they are under arrest. The officer goes through the country, meets the men and says:

"Tom, I've a warrant for your arrest."

"All right, I've been spectin' it."

"I know you've a big crop, though, and as court don't meet before October you can tend your crop and come up to Louisville just before court opens."

Then the man would return to his work, and at the appointed time he would be in this city ready to answer to the charge against him when his case was called.

Several months ago one of the oldest of the deputy United States marshals in Kentucky walked up to the door of the county jail and asked for the jailer. He was introduced to Mr. Watts and said:

"I have three prisoners that I brought from Magoffin county. As we came on the train, I left my prisoners in my saddlebags, and when we came out of the county, I forgot my saddlebags. I want to know if you will let me put those prisoners in jail here without the papers? I will get the prisoners in a few days, and it will be all right and proper."

Jailer Watts told the man he would accommodate him because of his bad luck. "But where are the prisoners?" said the jailer.

"Oh, them? Well, they're out in town some place. We came in yesterday, and I told them they might knock about the city until I arranged it with you for them to go in here. I'll go out and look them up and bring them in."

In about an hour he returned with three typical moonshiners, who said they had enjoyed looking at the sights of the city very much. They had never been in Louisville before and thought it a great treat to be able to "ride the free," even though they came as prisoners.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## MARINE SUPERSTITIONS.

The Changing Tides and the Launching of the Wick Smack.

In Orkney the ebb and flow of the tides were attributed to the breathing of a sea monster which lay outstretched on the bottom of the world. So gigantic was he that the simple acts of expiration and inspiration took 12 hours to perform. The resemblance to this nature north and that of the wick smacks is very remarkable. North country sailors account at our time to use a compass, for by the motion of the ninth wave, the mother wave, they could, even in the densest fog, ascertain their exact whereabouts and gain the shore in safety. The launching of a wick smack was for years regarded as infelicitous unless the words which follow were repeated by the boatmen:

For aye and nae,  
An' for aye and nae,  
Rep's from,  
We'll sail, we'll sail,  
We'll sail, we'll sail,  
We'll sail, we'll sail.

Harmful if not fatal results are believed to follow the utterance of certain words at sea. The sailors are ever a "fishy folk," and sailors' superstitions are numerous and old words are extremely interdicted. The presence of a minister in a boat is by many regarded with grave concern, and it is sometimes with the utmost difficulty that a crew can be induced to go to sea. A minister is on board. Those who sail with these half-Norwegian half-Celtic sailors must have taken note of the method adopted to raise the "crew," the minister is scratched energetically, and the men "whistle" the while.—Scottish Review.

## STEVENSON AND LOVE STORIES.

May, 1892.—I have celebrated my birthday from "romance" by a plunge at the beginning of "The Young Clerk." I am afraid my touch is a little broad in a love story. I can't mean one thing and write another. As for women, I am no more in any way than I can do a sort of right. Age makes me less afraid of a petticoat, but I am a little in fear of romance. However, this David-Balfour's love affair, that's all right, ought to be read out to a mother's meeting or a daughters' meeting. The difficulty in it is the love which dwells at all on love is the dwelling on one thing. It is unworldly, I grant, but the root fact is there unchanged, and the sentiment, being very intense and already very much handled in letters, positively calls for a little pawing and grating. With a writer of my modest powers, this all shows toward goodness—positively even toward the far more damnable closeness. This has kept me off the sentiment hither, and now I am to try, Lord! Of course Meredith can do it, and so could Shakespeare, but with all my romance I am a realist and a pessimist and a most fanatical lover of plain, practical sentences, plain and expressly rendered; hence my pet. Letter from Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, McClure's Magazine.

## We Enjoy Likeness in Each Other.

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## The Test.

The Soulful Girl—What is the true test of poetry? The poet—Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper he may rest assured that it is a good thing.—Pitt-Moore.

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## DANGER TO FICTION WRITERS.

How Great Popularity May Work Them Great Harm.

In the present tremendous vogue of fiction as a form of literature and the consequent demand for the work of popular story makers authors are exposed to a certain danger, the writer of the hour.

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## FINNEGAN'S CRAZY MULE.

He Had Speed and a Habit of Not Turning Out For Hacks.

"Did you ever hear of Finnegan's mule?" queried Charles Mann, doorman of the press gallery of the house of representatives, to a group of horsemen. "He was probably the greatest mule ever foaled. He could trot a mile in 2:40 if you could control him, but there was the rub. He unquestionably carried, on the day's ride, a race horse blood. When I innocently purchased him, about ten years ago, I knew nothing of his past record. The truth is, my father wanted a mule to work in a treadmill, and I purchased him at an auction sale."

"One day I wanted to go to the Pimlico races in company with a friend of mine, and as no horse was at hand we patched up an old harness, borrowed an old, ramshackle rig and started for the track. The mule drove quietly enough and seemed entirely devoid of guile. When we drove up to the Pimlico gates, we found a line of hacks in front of us. The driver of one of the rear hacks happened to look back as we drove up, and after making a careful inspection of the mule suddenly shouted to his companions in front of him in a loud voice, 'Jog, boys, jog, boys, Finnegan's mule!'"

Then began the greatest stampede you ever saw of hacks. Why, they fairly fell over one another in getting away.

"Subsequently I ascertained the cause of the stampede. It appears that the mule was well known in certain quarters in Baltimore and was known as Finnegan's crazy mule. He had a habit when owned by Finnegan, of jumping on any vehicle in front of him and destroying the same. No one had been able to hold him when excited by racing him on the road or track, so that for driving or racing purposes he had, in other hands, become practically worthless. When I learned his history, I put a rubber band on him instead of the cruel bits with which he had formerly been driven, and which lacerated his mouth to such an extent as to make him uncontrollable. When I got him in shape, I matched him against some of the fastest trotters in Baltimore."

"If he felt just right and did not get miled, he took a good trotter to beat him a mile. For some reason or other, however, he would not repeat his feat. One mile was as much as he would stand for when he was matched out for the second time. He would invariably bolt the track, and no man was ever found strong enough to control him when in one of his crazy fits. Myself and friends won a pot of money with him in single heats. He had as pretty a trotting action as any one cared to see, splendid knee action, and how fast he could put out when he wanted to!"

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## A NOVELIST'S BLUNDER.

Forgot He Had Killed Off a Character and Had to Reanimate Him.

A great master of the art of throwing off stories by daily installments was Ponson du Terrail. When he was at the height of his vogue, he kept three running at the same time, and he sold his serials in the sporting papers in Norfolk for \$500. He subsequently won some races in fast time for a mule and certainly was a wonder. He was the only fast trotting mule that we have any history of."—Washington News.

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past been cleared up by the discovery that he was the man mentioned in San Francisco in 1885 by James Hays, who is now writing a thirty-five year sentence for the crime. Krug went under the name of W. K. Aubrey.

## SHE WASN'T GREEN.

A Confiding Maiden From the Country Who Knew a Thing or Two.

She was such a pretty girl. Sweet 17—just budding into fair womanhood. She had been reared among the blue grass hills of old Kentucky, and this was her first visit to the city. She was the guest of the mother of her intended husband.

Everything had been done to make her visit a pleasant one, and the dear little thing had been moving in a perfect elysium of bliss. Charley, dear Charley, had been her constant companion, and this, with the wonderful sights to be seen in greater Cincinnati, had caused the little maiden's heart to overflow with joy. One night Charley suggested going to the Grand Opera House. The simple village maiden had never been to the theater, but she had heard much of it and determined that she would be as blue as any of the audience.

They reached the theater early. Very few had arrived. The lights were low. They sat and talked awhile. Oh, she was so happy. Just then the electric lights were turned on to their full power, and she naïvely remarked that "she had seen no one bring in more lights," but still she was so happy.

The play began. She sat entranced. To her new life was a dream, sweetest, good for nothing old fellow in the world. When the curtain arose on the fourth act and Mr. Jefferson is discovered as old Rip, after his sleep of 20 years, she turned to Charley and remarked: "Why, Charley, who is that old man? I haven't seen him before."

Charley replied: "Why, that's Jefferson as Rip. He is supposed to have been sleeping for 20 years and has grown very old."

The dear, sweet young thing cast a reproachful look out of her bewitching eyes upon her intended husband and said: "Oh, Charley, I know him from the country. I know that I am from the country. I call 'very green,' but really, I am not that green. I have watched Mr. Jefferson carefully all the evening, and I know that old man. He is the same as the one I saw in the country. I don't know that man. I haven't seen him before."

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